

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Jul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excess,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italie*: and as soon moued to be moodie, and as
soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hassell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
rel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you
will giue me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without
giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greiuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Livery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sence, may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,

But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender

As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla stucato carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tyb. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine

liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall

ylse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you

pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make

hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a

Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to

morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd

I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to

death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the

booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-

twene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benuolio*,

Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They haue made wormes meat of me,

I haue it, and soundly to your Houses. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere *Alie*,

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With *Tybalt*'s slander, *Tybalt* that an houre

Hath bene my Cozin: O Sweet *Juliet*,

Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio*'s is dead,

That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,

Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,

This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* batke againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,

And fire and Fury, be my conda now.

Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe

That late thou gau'st me, for *Mercutio*'s soule

Is but a little way aboue our heads,

Staying for thine to keepe him companie:

Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:

The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,

Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

Tybalt that Murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp fir go with me:

Icharge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their

Wines and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. W. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,

O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild

Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin,

Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vttered,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene

Of *Tybalt*'s deafe to peace, but that he Tilts

With Peircing Steele at bold *Mercutio*'s breast,

Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,

And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity